

BLACK DIAMOND
WESTERN

AUTHORIZED
A. C. M. P.

CONFORMS
to the
COMICS
CODE

10¢

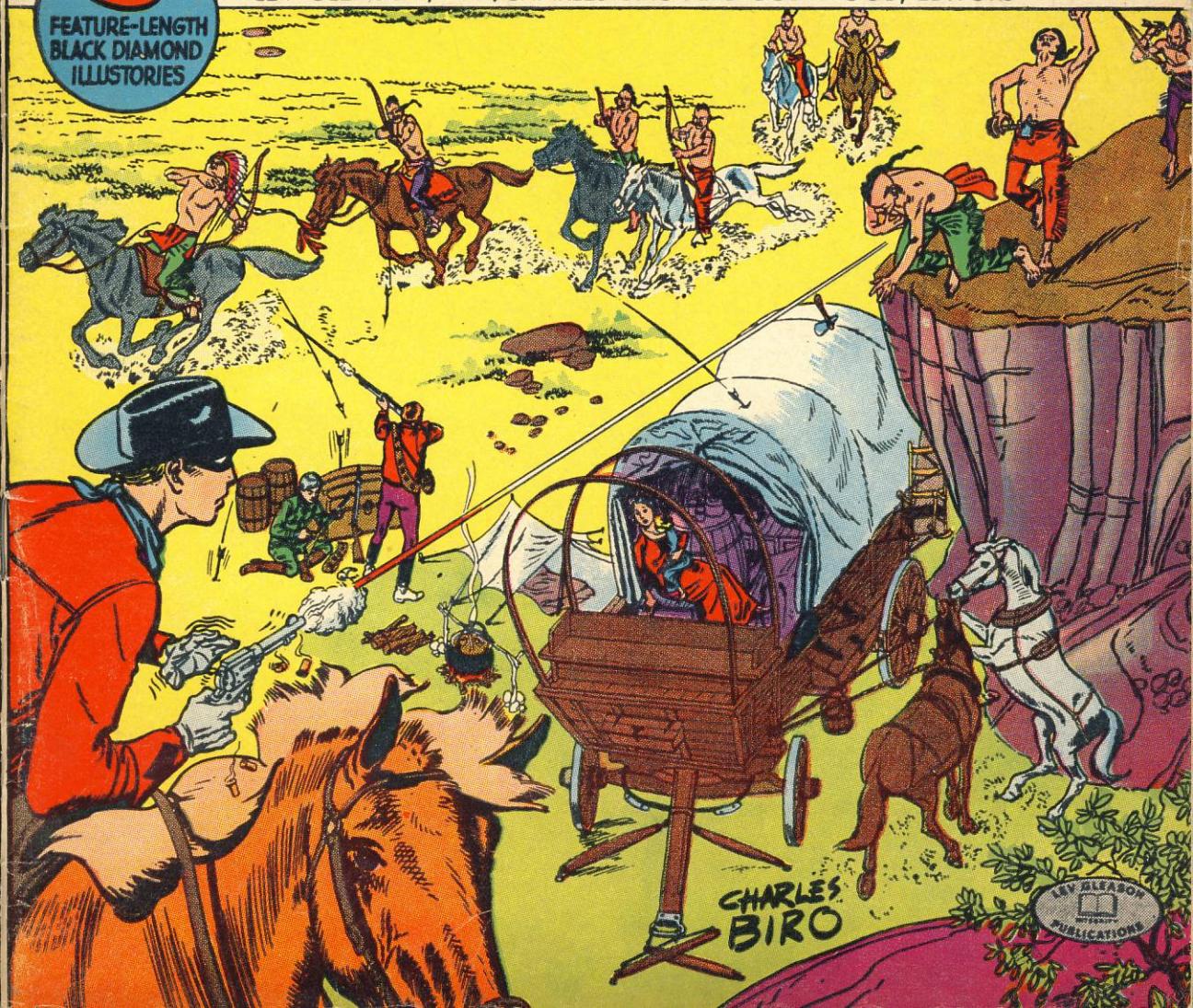
BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN

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NO. 32



LEV GLEASON, PUB., CHARLES BIRO AND BOB WOOD, EDITORS



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look SLIMMER!... look YOUNGER!...

THE
SENSATIONAL
NEW

Whittlewaist
by CHIQUE

REDUCES

YOUR APPEARANCE

up to 2 to 4 INCHES

4 to 6 Years Younger

instantly!

Never before has any foundation taken so many years off your figure — so comfortably, so surely! You'll feel younger, look better, walk more erectly. You'll thrill to every peek in a mirror — to every admiring, envious glance.

Say goodbye to bulges, to misplaced curves — here's perfection as you never dared expect it. This amazing new Whittlewaist literally whittles away rolls and bulges, adjusts to exactly the contours you want — a new figure at your fingertips.



Whittlewaist CORSELETTE

Never before so many custom features at this low price. From the top of the bra to the bottom of the girdle, your complete figure is re-molded to contours of alluring beauty. Your bust is perfectly proportioned to your figure. Inches disappear from hips, waist and thighs. Your figure always under perfect control. Flexible Nylon Leno elastic between bra and girdle prevents unsightly midriff "roll" — gives every figure a custom fit. Pink or White. Hip measurements 2"-4" larger. Bust measurement sizes 34-44. "B" and "C" cup. \$798

Panty Corselette with removable crotch \$1.00 extra.

10-DAY FULL MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE!

Wear an amazing Whittlewaist Girdle or Corselette by Chique for 10 days without risk.

Remember—Whittlewaist must take inches off your waist and tummy, must give you comfortable support, must give you slimmer thighs, narrower hips — must make your clothes look and fit better — or it costs you nothing! Order NOW!

Empire Merchandising Co. Dept. G-12
63 Central Avenue
Ossining, N. Y.



ATTACHMENT DE L'EDITION DE NOV.
Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping
AS SOON AS APPROVED BY THEM

RUSH NO-RISK COUPON NOW!

Empire Merchandising Co. Dept. G-12
63 Central Avenue
Ossining, N. Y.

Yes, please rush "Whittlewaist" on approval.

- I enclose \$..... (I save up to 70c in postage and C.O.D. fees).
 Send C.O.D., I will pay price, plus postage and C.O.D. fees.
 Regular CORSELETTE PANTY CORSELETTE with removable crotch.
 Regular GIRDLE PANTY GIRDLE with removable crotch.

Waist Size.....Name.....

Bust Size.....Address.....

Color.....City.....Zone....State.....

BLACK DIAMOND

meets "THE GREEDY PALEFACE"



IN THE DAYS WHEN BLACK DIAMOND PATROLLED DANGEROUS INDIAN TERRITORIES, THE LUST AND GREED FOR GOLD SPARKED AS MUCH VIOLENCE AND BLOODSHED AS THERE WERE BANDITS AND HATE-CRAZED TRIBES! IT TOOK JUST ONE MAN, MADDENED BY THE WORD "GOLD" TO SET OFF AN UPRISING WHICH ALMOST DESTROYED THE PEACE BETWEEN UTES AND WHITE MEN WHICH BLACK DIAMOND HAD ONCE FOUGHT FOR AND WON! HIS NAME WAS MIKE O'SHEA...

ONE NIGHT WHEN BLACK DIAMOND AND BUMPER DROPPED INTO A WESTERN TRADING POST...

SAY, JOE, HAVE YOU HEARD ANY RUMORS OF THE GOLD UP HOOK CREEK WAY?

NOT MUCH, MIKE! BUT IT SEEMS PRETTY HUSH-HUSH, WHICH MEANS THERE MUST BE SOMETHING THERE!

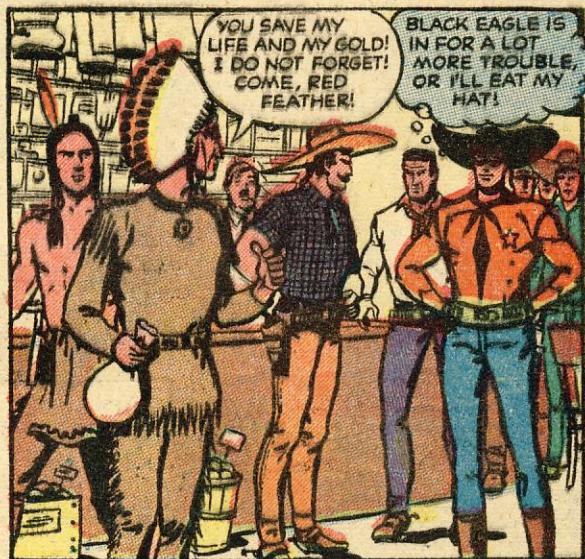
IT WAS A GOOD IDEA OF YOURS, MIKE, OPENING UP THIS TRADING POST! WE CAN STILL PROSPECT, BUT AT LEAST WE KNOW WHERE OUR NEXT MEAL IS COMING FROM!

AND LOTS OF INTERESTING INFORMATION FLOATS AROUND A TRADING POST! TOMORROW I'M GOING TO HOOK CREEK!... WELL, JOE, HERE COME SOME REDSKIN CUSTOMERS!



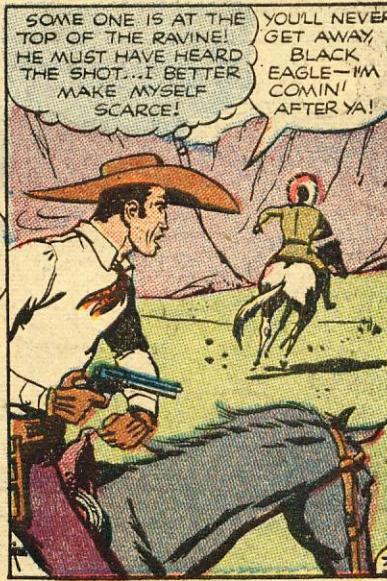
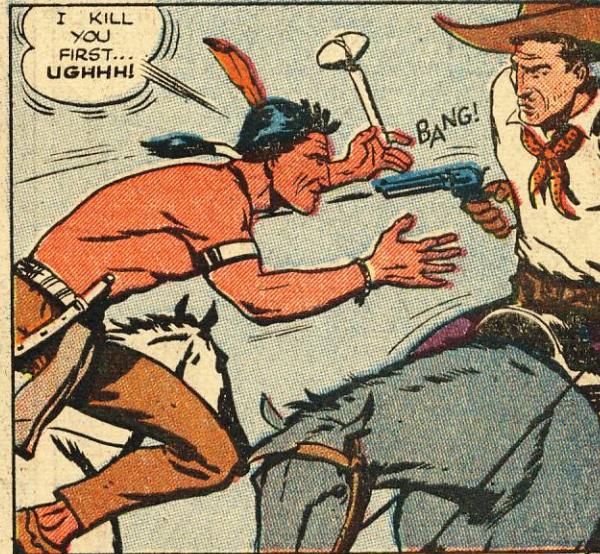
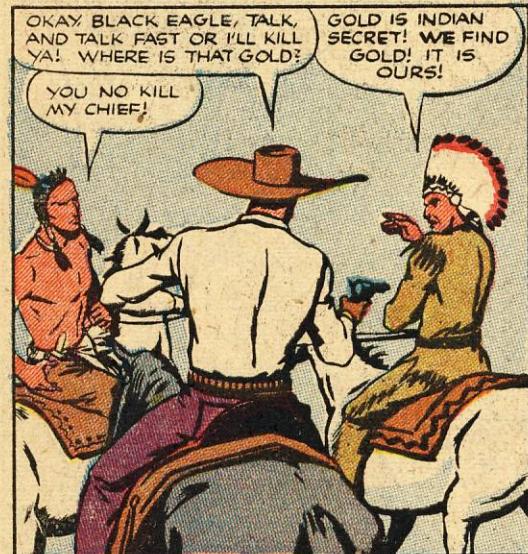
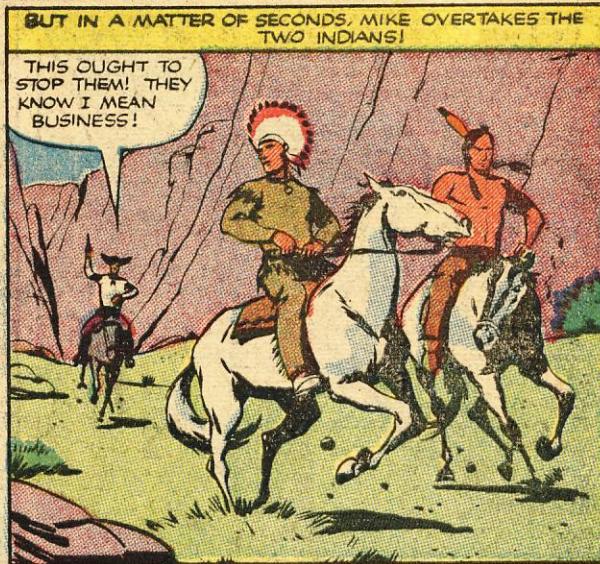
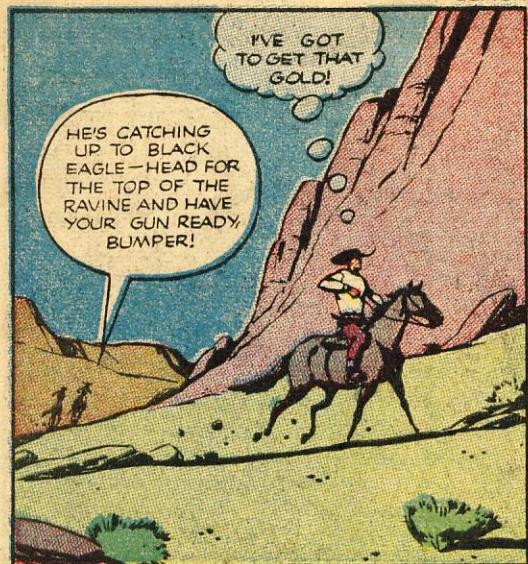
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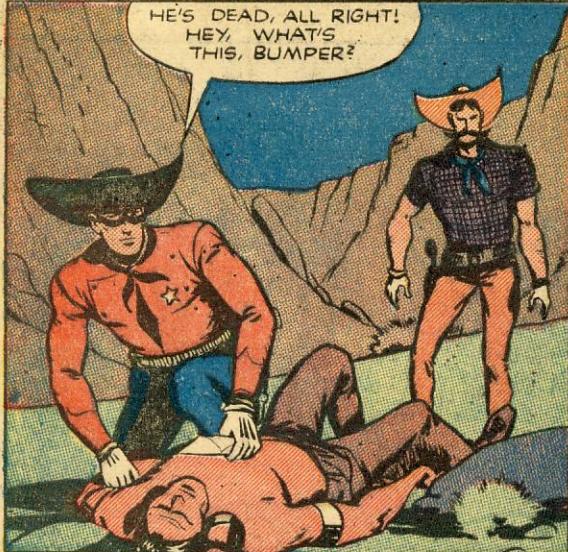
MOMENTS LATER, BLACK DIAMOND'S SIXTH SENSE GOT THE BETTER OF HIM!





BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN

HE'S DEAD, ALL RIGHT!
HEY, WHAT'S THIS, BUMPER?



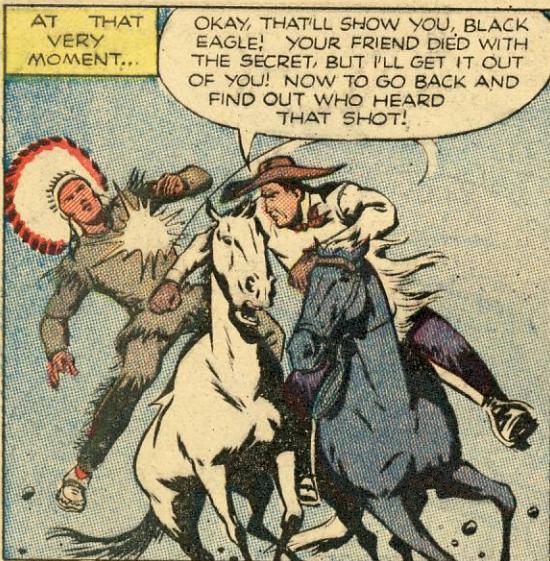
IT'S A MAP OF THE GOLD
MINE! MIKE MUSTIVE
FIGURED BLACK EAGLE
HAD IT!

BUT BLACK EAGLE
STILL KNOWS WHERE
THE MINE IS! WE
BETTER GET AFTER
'EM!

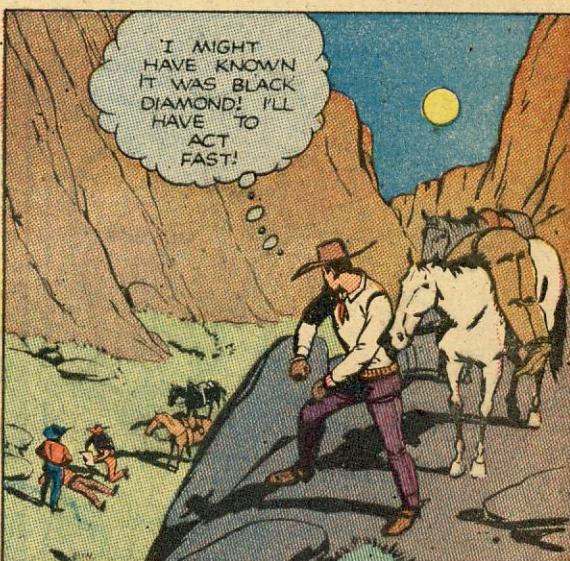


AT THAT
VERY
MOMENT...

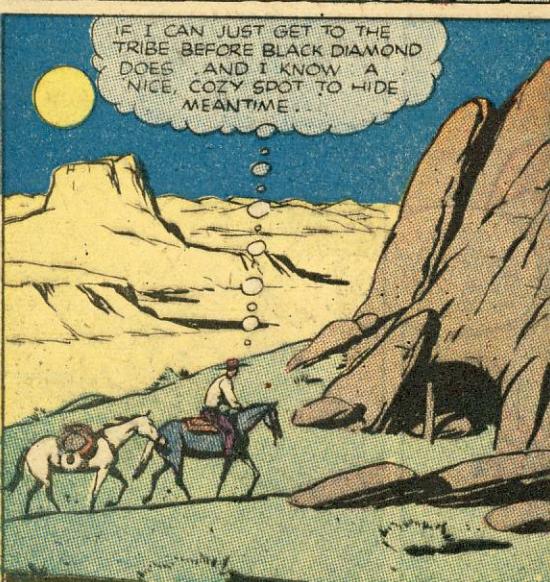
OKAY, THAT'LL SHOW YOU, BLACK
EAGLE! YOUR FRIEND DIED WITH
THE SECRET, BUT I'LL GET IT OUT
OF YOU! NOW TO GO BACK AND
FIND OUT WHO HEARD
THAT SHOT!



I MIGHT
HAVE KNOWN
IT WAS BLACK
DIAMOND! I'LL
HAVE TO
ACT
FAST!



IF I CAN JUST GET TO THE
TRIBE BEFORE BLACK DIAMOND
DOES... AND I KNOW A
NICE, COZY SPOT TO HIDE
MEANTIME...



JUST BE COMFORT-
ABLE! I'LL BE
BACK FOR YOU
PRETTY
SOON!

THERE'S ONLY ONE
COURSE FOR ME TO
FOLLOW—MAKE THE
INDIANS BELIEVE BLACK
DIAMOND KILLED
RED FEATHER...



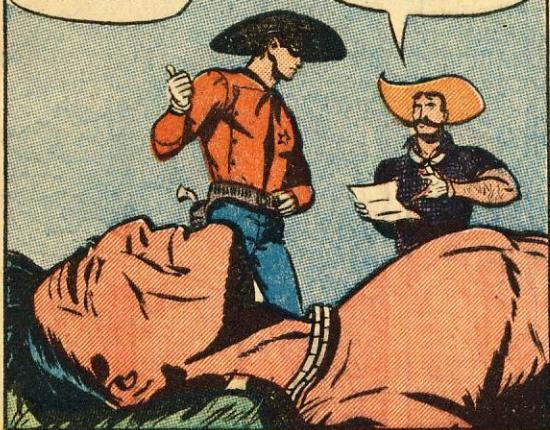
BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN

MIKE MUST HAVE THE SECRET OF THE GOLD, SO HE CAN TAKE HIS OWN SWEET TIME GETTING IT... HE'LL PROBABLY GO BACK TO THE TRADING POST FIRST AND PLAY POSSUM!

EVEN IF MIKE DOESN'T GO TO THE POST, WE HAVE THE MAP AND WE KNOW HE'LL SHOW UP AT THAT VEIN EVENTUALLY!

WE'VE GOT TO MOVE FAST, BUMPER! I'LL TRY TO TRACK MIKE DOWN! YOU GO TO BLACK EAGLE'S TRIBE AND REPORT THE MURDER AND RETURN THE MAP!

OKAY, DIAMOND! I'LL MEET YOU AT THE TRADING POST!



MIKE REACHED THE TRIBE BEFORE BUMPER...

I WANT TO SEE CHIEF!

CHIEF BLACK EAGLE NOT HERE! SON OF BLACK EAGLE WILL TALK TO YOU!



I AM SON OF BLACK EAGLE! WHAT NEWS DO YOU BRING?

RED FEATHER IS DEAD—MURDERED! KILLED BY THE BLACK DIAMOND!

MURDERED BY BLACK DIAMOND? WHY? BLACK DIAMOND IS OUR FRIEND!

BLACK DIAMOND YOUR FRIEND? BLACK DIAMOND WANTS GOLD! HE KILLED RED FEATHER TO FIND GOLD!



KILL THE BLACK DIAMOND!

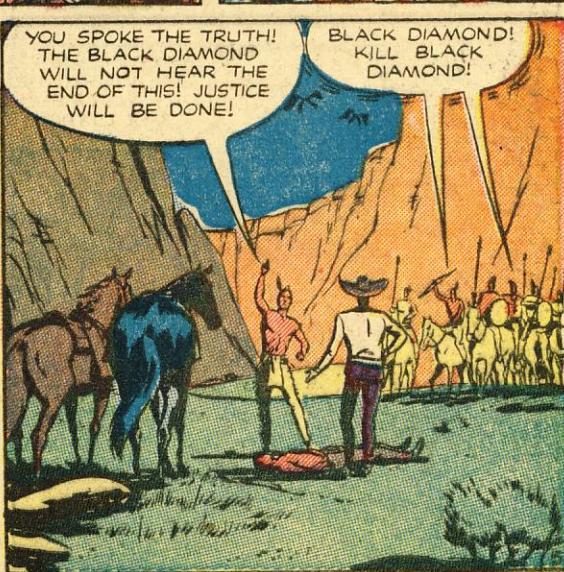
WAIT! I CANNOT BELIEVE WHAT HE SAYS!

COME—I WILL TAKE YOU TO THE BODY!

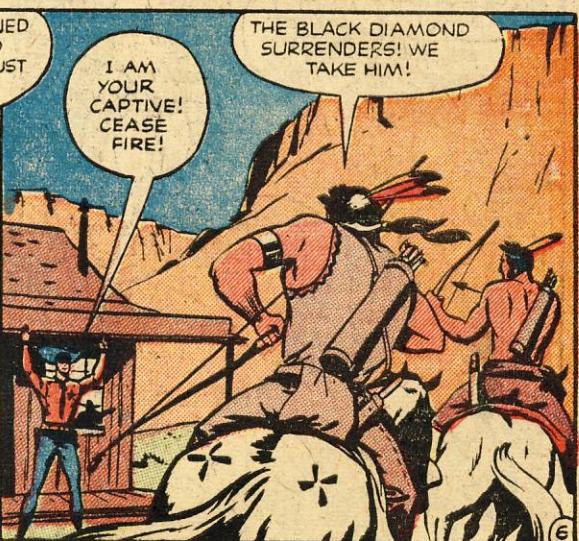
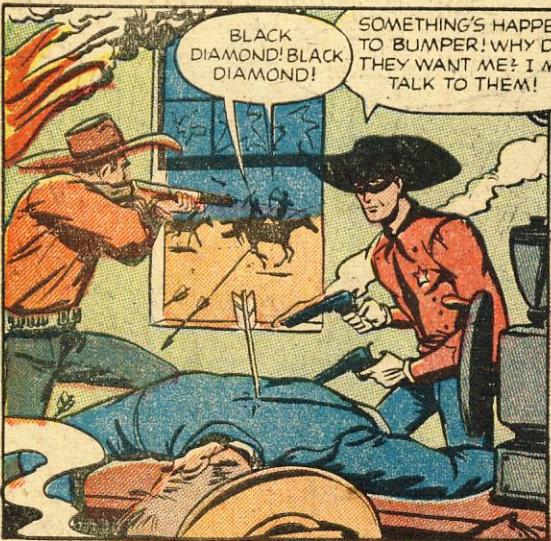
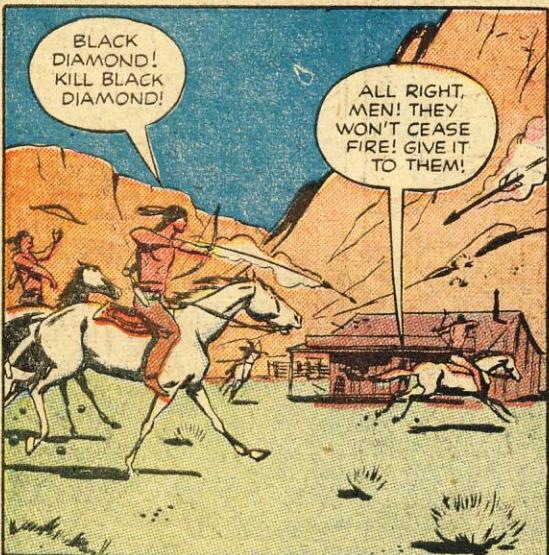
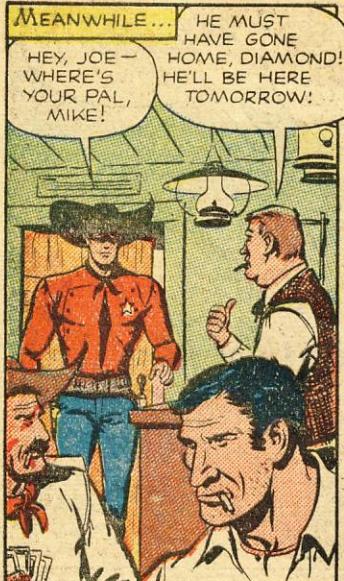


YOU SPOKE THE TRUTH! THE BLACK DIAMOND WILL NOT HEAR THE END OF THIS! JUSTICE WILL BE DONE!

BLACK DIAMOND! KILL BLACK DIAMOND!



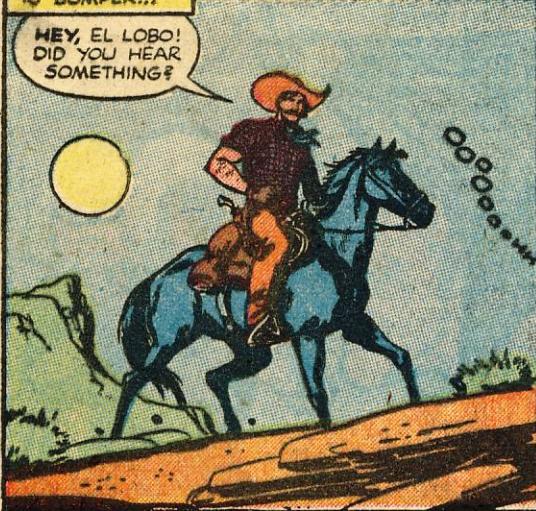
BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN



BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN

BLACK DIAMOND WAS RIGHT! THINGS HAD HAPPENED TO BUMPER...

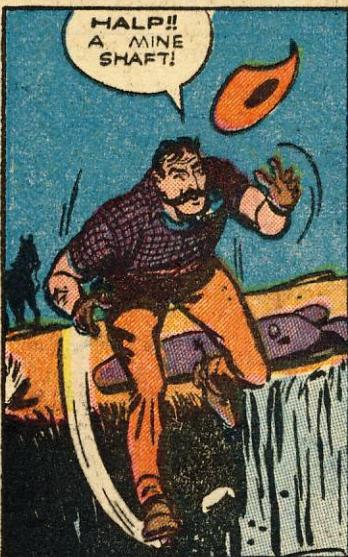
HEY, EL LOBO!
DID YOU HEAR
SOMETHING?



WELL, I'LL BE! I SURE HEARD SOMETHING! GUESS I'LL WANDER AROUND AND SEE WHERE I CAME FROM!



HALP!!
A MINE
SHAFT!



BLACK EAGLE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?



TAKE ME TO TRIBE,
QUICK!
WE MUST FIND
BLACK DIAMOND
FIRST—THEN WE'LL
GO TO THE
TRIBE!



THERE HAS BEEN
WAR—INDIAN WAR!
WE MUST GO TO
MY PEOPLE!

HOLD YOUR HORSES, BLACK
EAGLE! BLACK DIAMOND
WAS IN THAT TRADING
POST!



WHAT
HAPPENED
HERE? WHERE'S
THE
MARSHAL?

INDIANS CAME ON THE WAR-
PATH AND TOOK BLACK DIAMOND
CAPTIVE—SAID SOMETHING
ABOUT THE MARSHAL KILLIN'
SOMEBODY!

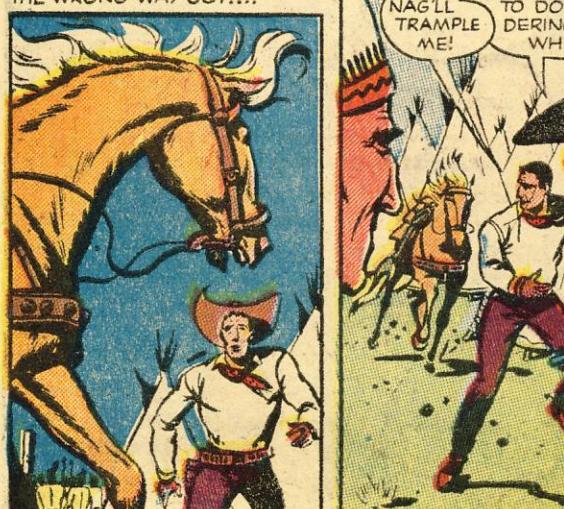
THEY'LL
KILL HIM!
COME ON,
EL LOBO!



BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN



LITTLE REALIZING RELIAPON'S UNCANNY SENSE, MIKE CHOOSES THE WRONG WAY OUT....



THE END

PIMPLE MISERY?

Acne • Blackheads • Enlarged Pores



NOT A MIRACLE CREAM BUT...

A COMPLETE MEDICAL TREATMENT

PURELON'S ACNUREL is not merely a skin cream . . . it is a complete medical treatment which is the product of long years of research and clinical tests. . . .

FIRST, ACNUREL Detergent thoroughly penetrates and cleanses the affected area, removing foreign matter lodged in the pores. Dirt is attracted to your skin by oily secretions of over-active sebaceous glands, and ACNUREL Detergent (skin cleanser) counteracts oiliness, and removes the dirt and foreign matter.

ACNUREL CONCEALS WHILE IT HEALS

SECOND, PURELON'S ACNUREL Cream carries out the medication or healing stage of the treatment. While its active ingredients are attacking the infection, ACNUREL Cream conceals the blemishes under a pleasant, natural looking film, over which make-up can be applied . . . YOU will gain confidence when you can face the world with a clear, attractive-looking skin . . . While ACNUREL Cream is at work with its soothing, healing effects it is also preventing RE-INFECTION of the surface areas, raising scales, helping heal and clear rashes, and helping to prevent PERMANENT PITTING and SCARRING.

ACNUREL
SUCCESSFULLY USED BY LEADING
SKIN DOCTORS (Dermatologists) FOR OVER 10 YEARS
A CLAIM NO OTHER LABORATORY CAN MAKE

**NOW AVAILABLE TO YOU
FOR THE FIRST TIME**

"ACNUREL" USED EVERY DAY WITH AMAZING RESULTS by LEADING SKIN DOCTORS in the treatment of Boys—Girls—Men and Women, to help clear up ugly skin blemishes.

"ACNUREL" Conceals While It Heals

A MEDICALLY TESTED FORMULA

ACNUREL is a tested, proved medication which has been used for over 10 years by LEADING SKIN SPECIALISTS to help clear up PIMPLES—BLACKHEADS—ACNE-ENLARGED PORES and other EXTERNALLY caused skin blemishes. . . . NOW, you too can join the thousands who have found ACNUREL treatment successful where ordinary skin creams failed . . . Boys, Girls, Men, and Women to whom ACNUREL gave confidence and a new outlook on life!

**PURELON Laboratories Dept. LG12
P.O. BOX 612 MT. VERNON, NEW YORK**

Please send me a regular size of ACNUREL.

- Inclosed \$2, you pay postage plus handling.
 COD I pay postman \$2 plus postage and handling charges. SORRY, NO C.O.D.'S OUTSIDE U.S.A.
 Fair Brunette Sun Tan (PLEASE CHECK)

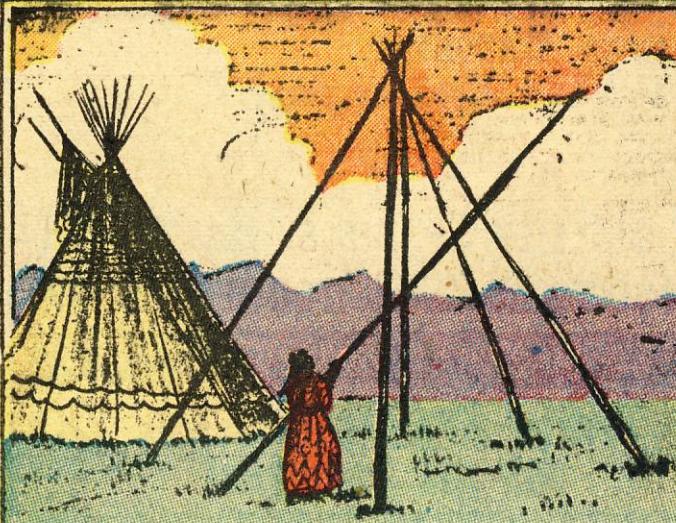
NAME

ADDRESS

CITY..... ZONE..... STATE.....

The "ACNUREL" name, an absolute guarantee, for a Healthier Skin OR
YOUR MONEY BACK

STRAIGHT AS AN ARROW

by CLAUDE
MOORE

THE INDIAN TEPEE IS THE PROPERTY OF THE SQUAW!
IF A BRAVE HAD TROUBLE WITH HIS SQUAW HE COULD NOT ORDER HER OUT OF THE TEPEE FOR IT BELONGS TO HER! SHE BUILDS THE TEPEE HERSELF AND TAKES CARE OF ALL REPAIRS TO IT! IF THE TRIBE MOVES TO A NEW LOCATION IT IS HER JOB TO MOVE THE TEPEE AND ERECT IT AT THE NEW SIGHT!



PAWNEE INDIANS BELIEVED IN HUMAN SACRIFICE!

A MAIDEN CAPTURED BY THE PAWNIES FROM AN ENEMY TRIBE WAS PAINTED HALF BLACK AND HALF RED THEN TIED TO A STAKE AND LEFT TO DIE! THIS WAS DONE AT LEAST ONCE EVERY YEAR AS A GIFT TO THE MORNING STAR!

THE AIR GUN IS CLAIMED TO BE THE INVENTION OF THE AMERICAN INDIANS! A SLENDER NEEDLE WAS BLOWN THRU A WOODEN TUBE! IT WAS USED FOR HUNTING BIRDS!



A PROMINENT KIOWA BRAVE WAS KNOWN AS "STINKING SADDLE BLANKET" WHICH WAS A VERY HONORABLE NAME FOR IT MEANT THAT THE BRAVE RODE SO FAST AND HARD WHEN ON THE WARPATH THAT HIS BLANKET BECAME PUNGENT FROM PRESPIRATION!



POCAHONTAS

C.H. MOORE
— DAUGHTER OF CHIEF POWHATAN WAS HELD AS A HOSTAGE BY THE COLONISTS OF VIRGINIA TO PROTECT THEM AGAINST THE THREATENED SAVAGE ATTACKS OF POWHATAN! WHILE HELD PRISONER SHE FELL IN LOVE WITH JOHN ROLFE, A WHITE COLONIST! SHE BECAME A CHRISTIAN AND MARRIED HIM!



CHIEF POWHATAN WAS CROWNED "KING OF THE AMERICAN INDIANS" BY PROCLAMATION OF THE KING OF ENGLAND! HE WAS PRESENTED WITH A CROWN AND ROBE!

THE BRITISH WERE TRYING TO WIN HIS HELP AGAINST THE COLONIES!

BLACK DIAMOND

in "THE SIOUX SLAUGHTER"

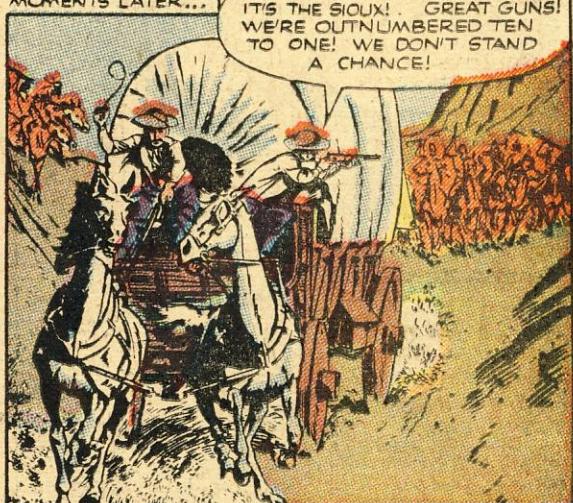
OUT OF THE DUSTY PLAINS CAME A BAND OF MYSTERIOUS OUTLAWS WHO CARED LITTLE FOR GOLD AND LESS FOR THEIR SAFETY! THEIR PLEASURE WAS SLAUGHTER, THEIR METHOD, MASSACRE! THIS WAS THE ARMY OF OUTLAWS WHICH THREATENED TO WIPE OUT THE FRONTIER! THIS WAS THE MAD BAND THAT FOUND ONLY ONE MAN BLOCKING THEIR BLOODY ROAD TO TRIUMPH—THE BLACK DIAMOND, WHO COULD SURVIVE ONLY BY STRIPPING FROM THESE OUTLAWS THE MYSTERY WHICH CLOAKED THEIR EVIL!



DICK ROCKWELL

IT WAS THE YEAR 1879, THE INDIAN WAS STEADILY BEING PUSHED BACK OUT OF THEIR ONCE VAST TERRITORIES! MANY OF THEM REALIZED THAT THE END OF THEIR RULE WAS NEAR, BUT SOME OF THEM, LIKE CHIEF BLACK HOG OF THE SIOUX TRIBE WERE DETERMINED TO MAKE A DEATH STAND!

MOMENTS LATER...



LOOK! WAGON TRAIN! ATTACK! MASSACRE THEM ALL! THE LESS SETTLERS, THE FEWER ENEMIES WE SHALL HAVE TO SLAY IN THE GREAT BATTLES TO COME! KILL! KILL!



BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN

A HALF HOUR LATER, THE GUNSHOTS CEASED! EVERY SETTLER IN THE WAGON TRAIN HAD BEEN SLAIN! BUT BLACK HOG WANTED EVEN MORE...

WHAT IS IN THESE WAGONS—GUNS, POWDER, DYNAMITE?

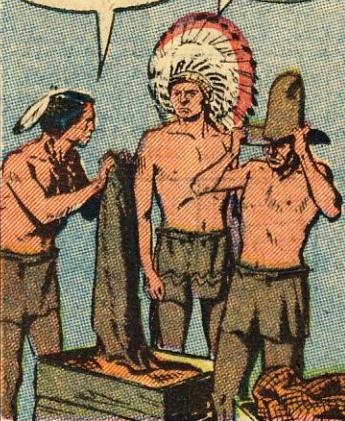
NO, MIGHTY CHIEF! ALL WE SHALL GET FROM THESE DEAD MEN ARE THEIR SCALPS! LOOK WHAT THESE STUPID PALEFACES BROUGHT IN THEIR WAGONS!

CLOTHING, HATS BOOTS—EVERYTHING! WAGONS FULL OF CLOTHING IN EVERY SIZE! THESE FOOLS MUST HAVE BEEN CLOTHING MERCHANTS!

LITTLE TOAD, HOLD THAT SUIT AGAINST YOUR CHEST ONCE MORE AND PUT ON THE BIG HAT!

SURELY OUR MIGHTY CHIEF WISHES TO MAKE FUN OF LITTLE TOAD!

FUN! THAT IS THE RIGHT WORD, LITTLE TOAD! THE REDMAN HAS NOT ENJOYED SUCH FUN SINCE THE DAY THE FIRST PALEFACE SET FOOT ON OUR HUNTING GROUNDS! LOOK UPON LITTLE TOAD, MY BRAVES! IN HIM WE SEE THE WAY TO VICTORY!



A FEW DAYS LATER, IN ANOTHER SECTION OF THE DAKOTA TERRITORY, U.S. MARSHAL BLACK DIAMOND, AND HIS IRON MAN SIDEKICK, BUMPER, ENJOY SOME FRONTIER HOSPITALITY...

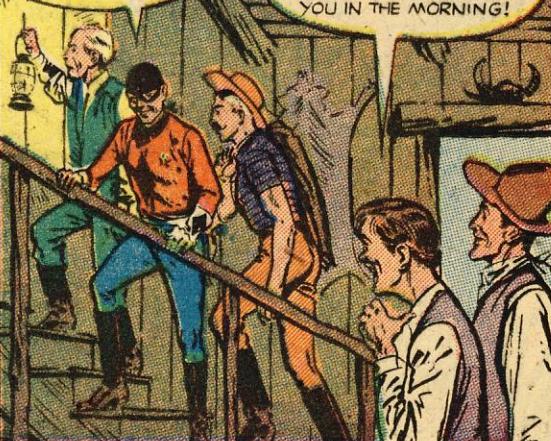
WE REALLY DIDN'T INTEND TO SPEND THE NIGHT HERE, MR. SUMMERS, BUT LISTENING TO YOUR OLD-TIME STORIES THE HOURS JUST FLEW!

TUSH, BLACK DIAMOND! THERE ISN'T A RANCHER IN THE WEST WHO WOULDN'T BE HONORED TO HAVE YOU FOR HIS GUEST! LET'S TURN IN!



HOW ABOUT YOU BOYS? AREN'T YOU TURNING IN TONIGHT?

WE SURE ARE! BUT WE SLEEP OUT IN THE BUNKHOUSE! GOOD NIGHT, BLACK DIAMOND! SEE YOU IN THE MORNING!



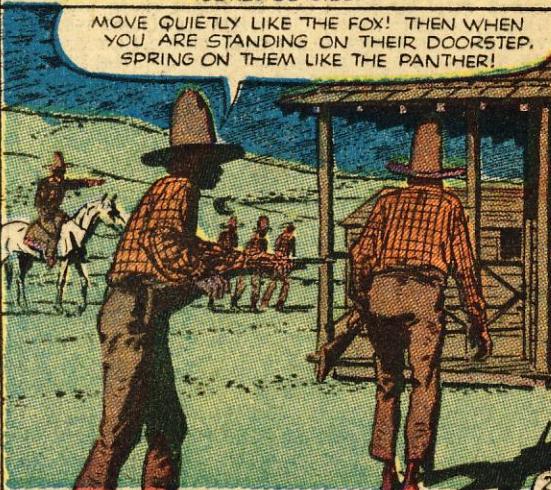
THEY'RE A NICE BUNCH OF GUYS... THIS IS A WELL RUN RANCH, AND POP SUMMERS IS A GOOD EGG! SEEMS LIKE THERE'S NOTHING HE WOULDN'T DO FOR YOU, DIAMOND!

I SAVED HIS LIFE ONCE IN FARGO! A GAMBLER WAS ABOUT TO PUT A BULLET IN HIS BACK! BUT MANY'S THE TIME POP SUMMERS MADE UP FOR THAT NIGHT... WHENEVER I NEEDED HELP...



AN HOUR LATER, EVERYONE WAS ASLEEP AT POP SUMMERS' RANCH! THE BUNKHOUSE AND MAIN HOUSE WERE QUIET... BUT EVEN QUIETER WERE SHADY FIGURES OUTSIDE...

MOVE QUIETLY LIKE THE FOX! THEN WHEN YOU ARE STANDING ON THEIR DOORSTEP, SPRING ON THEM LIKE THE PANTHER!



BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN

BUT AS THE MYSTERIOUS INVADERS OVERRUN THE RANCH, RELIAPON, BLACK DIAMOND'S RENOWNED CHARGER, SCENTS TROUBLE AND VOICES A WARNING...



I THOUGHT I HEARD RELIAPON CALLING TO ME IN MY SLEEP! BUT IT'S NOT A DREAM! NOW EL LOBO'S JOINING IN! WAKE UP, BUMPER! THE HORSES ARE SIGNALLING THAT THERE'S TROUBLE BREWING!

WHINNNEYY!



THEY DON'T ACT LIKE COWPOKES! THOSE HOMBRES ARE UP TO NO GOOD!

BUT WHAT ARE THEY AFTER, SNEAKING UP HERE IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT? WHO ARE THEY?



BUMPER! LOOK! THE RANCH IS OVERRUN WITH COWPOKES!

WE ARE SEEN! QUICK! BEGIN THE ATTACK!



THE SURPRISE ATTACK IS SUCCESSFUL! NO MERCY IS SHOWN! NO MAN IS SPARED...



...NOR IS THE RANCH HOUSE OVERLOOKED! AS POP SUMMERS COMES DOWN THE STAIRS...

WHAT IN Tarnation's goin' on here? WHO ARE YOU HOMBRES ..OHHH!!

GO UPSTAIRS, QUICKLY! KILL ALL WHO SLEEP IN THE ROOMS ABOVE!



BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN

BUT THE SLEEPERS HAVE AWAKENED...

BLACK DIAMOND! WHAT'S GOIN' ON HERE? WHAT'S ALL THE SHOOTIN' ABOUT?

ARGHHHH!

NEVER MIND THAT NOW! KEEP PULLIN' THE TRIGGER ON THESE HOMBRES OR WE'LL NEVER KNOW THE ANSWER!



AS THE DEADLY FIRE KEEPS UP AND MANY OF THE ATTACKERS ARE SHOT DOWN...

THERE ARE SOME ABOVE WHO SHOOT WITH THE SKILL OF THE EVIL EYE! WHOEVER SEEKS TO GAIN THE SECOND FLOOR PERISHES!

THEN GIVE THE WORD TO RETREAT! BUT FIRST MAKE SURE THAT NOBODY REMAINS BEHIND! ALL THE DEAD MUST GO WITH US!



HEY! THEY'RE VAMOOSING! WE TURNED 'EM BACK!

PUT THE DEAD ACROSS THE SADDLES! IF ONE CORPSE REMAINS BEHIND, YOU SHALL ANSWER TO ME!



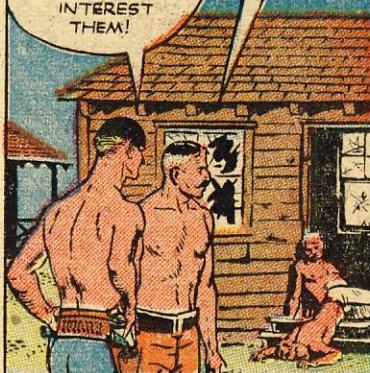
FIVE MINUTES LATER...

THEY'RE GONE NOW! BUT WHAT BEATS ME IS WHY THEY SHOULD RISK THEIR LIVES TRYING TO SAVE THE BODIES OF THEIR DEAD PALS!



THAT'S NOT THE ONLY THING THAT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE. WHAT WAS THE WHOLE PURPOSE OF THIS RAID? OUTLAWS ARE ONLY OUT FOR MONEY! SHEER BUTCHERY DOESN'T INTEREST THEM!

GOSH—THOSE POOR HOMBRES SHOT DOWN IN COLD-BLOOD! THE SKUNKS NEVER GAVE 'EM A CHANCE!



...AND POOR POP... GONE WEST WITHOUT HIS BOOTS ON!

THERE'LL BE A LOT MORE INNOCENT PEOPLE DEAD IF WE DON'T GET THAT MOB OF MURDERERS! C'MON, BUMPER, LET'S GO!



WE'LL SEND BACK HELP FROM THE FIRST TOWN WE REACH!

THANKS, BUT YOU CAN PLEASE US MORE BY STRINGIN' UP THEM BUTCHERS!

DON'T WORRY, PARDNER! WE'LL DO OUR BEST!



BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN

HOLES LATER...AS THE ALMOST INVISIBLE TRAIL LEADS TO A CREEK...

THESE CRITTERS SURE KNOW HOW TO ERASE A TRAIL! WE'RE UP AGAINST A SMART PACK OF COYOTES, DIAMOND!

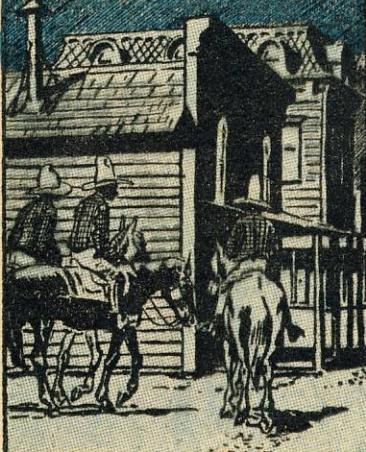
SMART AS THEY ARE, WE'LL CATCH UP WITH THEM EVENTUALLY! THEY USED THIS CREEK TO CONFUSE US, BUT SOMEWHERE NORTH OR SOUTH OF THIS POINT, WE'LL PICK UP THEIR TRACKS!

WE'LL FLIP! HEADS WE GO SOUTH! TAILS WE GO NORTH!

HEADS! SOUTH IT IS, AND SPEAKING OF HEADS, LET'S HOPE WE HOLD ON TO OURS!



THAT NIGHT IN THE TOWN OF COULTER SPRINGS, FEW OF THE INHABITANTS NOTICE AN UNUSUAL INFILUX OF STRANGERS...

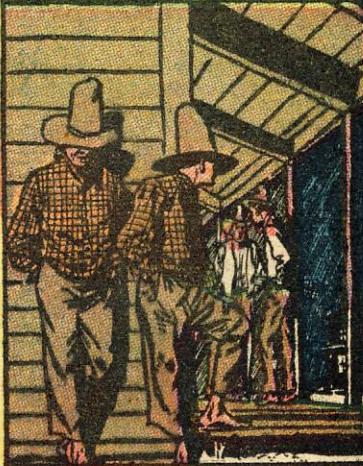


SILENT STRANGERS WHO STAY IN THE SHADOWS AND WEAR THEIR SOMBREROS PULLED DOWN...

HEY! DID YA HEAR ABOUT THE MASSACRE UP AT POP SUMMERS' RANCH? SOME BAND OF OUTLAWS TRIED TO WIPE 'EM OUT TO THE LAST MAN, WHEN BLACK DIAMOND CHASED 'EM OFF!



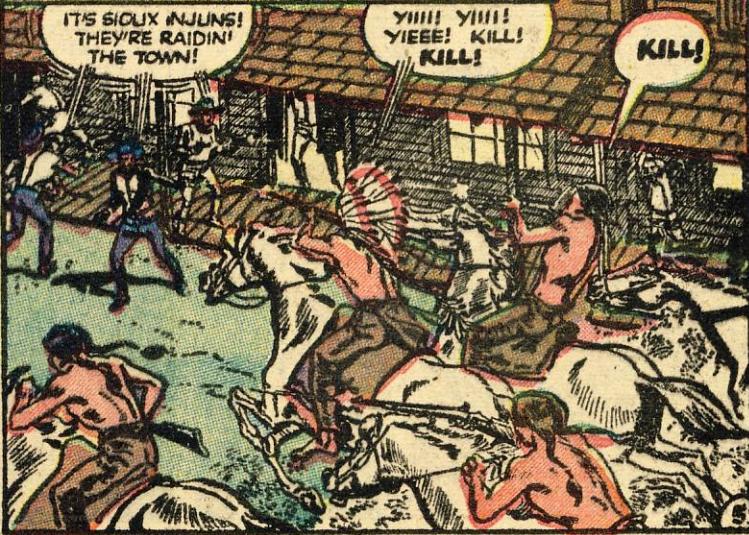
AND WHILE THE TOWNSPEOPLE GOSSIP, THE SILENT STRANGERS TAKE UP THEIR POSITIONS ON PORCH CORNERS...



IN ALLEYWAYS, IN DESERTED DOORWAYS, IN THE SHADOW OF EMPTY HOUSES AND STORES, THESE STRANGERS NEITHER SMOKE, SPEAK, NOR MINGLE! THEY ARE WAITING FOR SOMETHING...



SUDDENLY, A WAR WHOOP SPLITS THE HUSHED QUIET OF TOWN! A HORDE OF PAINTED SAVAGES DESCENDS UPON COULTER SPRINGS...



BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN

INTO THE HORRIFIED STREETS OF COULTER SPRINGS THEY SWEEP FIRING AND KILLING AS THEY RIDE - BUT THEIR AIM SEEMS UNUSUALLY DEADLY!



SUDDENLY THE SILENT STRANGERS COME TO LIFE WITH GUNS BLAZING AWAY!

HEY! HAVE YOU GONE NUTS? YOU'RE FIRIN' AT THE WRONG PEOPLE...
!!!!EEEEE!

THEY'RE DELIBERATELY AIMIN' AT US!



WHO ARE THESE GUYS?
LIGHH!



THEY SWEEP ON TO THE ARMORY IN THE EXTREME END OF TOWN UNTIL ONE OF THE SILENT STRANGERS SPIES A STORE WINDOW...

MIGHTY ONE! WHY DO YOU TARRY? WE MUST SEIZE GUNS AND AMMUNITION AND FLEE BEFORE PALEFACE REINFORCEMENTS ARRIVE!

YOU FORGET OUR MIGHTIEST WEAPON, IDIOT! QUICKLY STRIP THE STORE OF ALL CLOTHING! THE REST OF YOU TAKE THE ARSENAL!



AH! A GOLDEN SUIT! WHAT DO YOU THINK OF MY NEW COSTUME, EH?

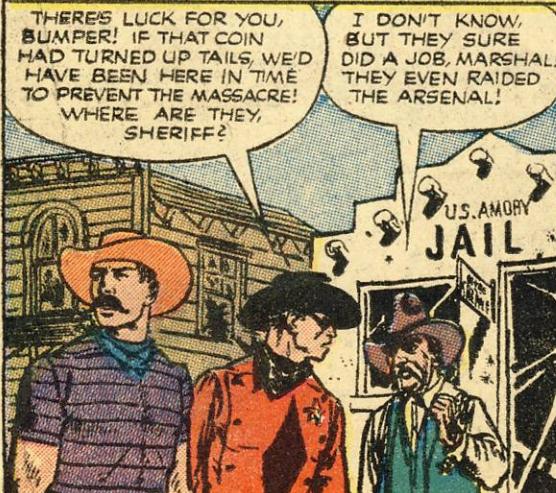
GOLDEN AS OUR FUTURE, MIGHTY ONE! WE HAVE NEVER SEEN SUCH SUCCESS TILL YOU DISCOVERED THE MAGIC OF CLOTHING!



THE NEXT MORNING, AS THE BLACK DIAMOND AND BUMPER REACH INTO COULTER SPRINGS AFTER FIRST HEADED SOUTH...

THERE'S LUCK FOR YOU, BUMPER! IF THAT COIN HAD TURNED UP TAILS, WE'D HAVE BEEN HERE IN TIME TO PREVENT THE MASSACRE! WHERE ARE THEY, SHERIFF?

I DON'T KNOW, BUT THEY SURE DID A JOB, MARSHAL! THEY EVEN RAIDED THE ARSENAL!

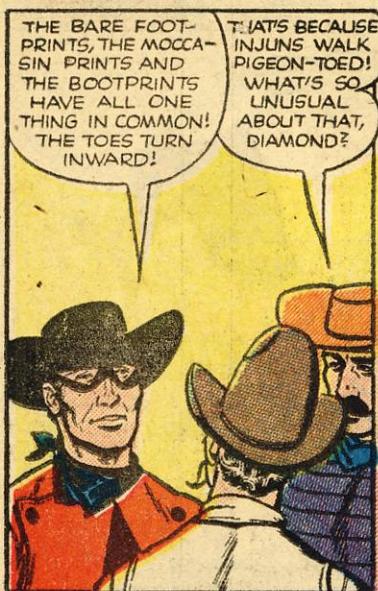
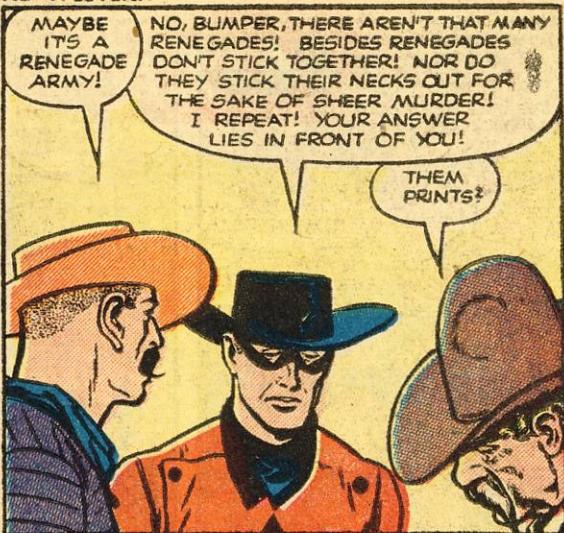


THEY ALSO RANSACKED JONES' CLOTHIN' STORE AN' TOOK EVERY STITCH OF MEN'S CLOTHIN' WITH 'EM!

THAT'S ODD — THAT THEY SHOULD STEAL CLOTHING IN THE MIDST OF A BATTLE! LET'S TAKE A LOOK AROUND!



BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN



BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN

MINUTES LATER, ON THE MAIN STREET OF MASONVILLE ...

DIAMOND, DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE ON THAT PORCH?

YES—IT'S PROBABLY SOME OF THOSE DISGUISED RED-SKINS! I WANT A LOOK AT THE FACES UNDERNEATH THOSE SOMBREROS!

WELL! WHAT DO YOU KNOW? IT'S BLACK HOG—all dressed up in a cowpoke suit!

WE ARE DISCOVERED!

IT IS THAT SAME MEDDLER WE MET AT THE RANCH! KILL HIM!

LET 'EM HAVE IT, I'M THINKING OF A HUNDRED MEN WHO WERE SHOT IN THE BACK!



IN AN INSTANT, THE TOWN ECHOES TO THE FIRE OF SIX SHOOTERS...

MEDDLER! MY BLADE SHALL TASTE YOUR BLOOD FOR THIS!

LOOK OUT BEHIND YOU, DIAMOND! IT'S BLACK HOG!



AND HOURS LATER, WHEN THE SIOUX INDIANS SWEEP INTO TOWN AND SCREAM FOR THEIR COSTUMED ALLIES TO HELP OUT...

POUR IT IN, MEN! SHOW 'EM A MASSACRE CAN WORK BOTH WAYS!

IT'S A TRAP! WHERE'S BLACK HOG? EEEAAA!!

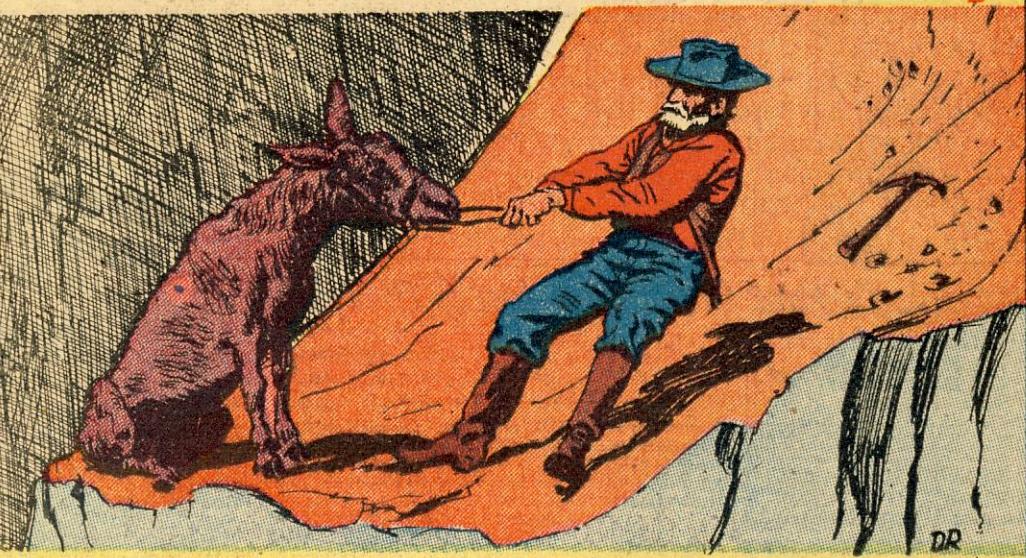


THEY'RE GONE FOR GOOD NOW! IF IT WEREN'T FOR YOU, BLACK DIAMOND, WE'D BE SIX FEET UNDER INSTEAD OF BLACK HOG!



THE END

From Shoo-Fly To Stand-by



All the prospectors in the Shoo-Fly Saloon laughed at Stubby Burroughs. They laughed more at Stubby's burro, "Stand-by", than at Stubby himself. But Stand-by and Stubby were inseparable and no amount of derision could tear them apart.

Stubby's point of view was completely the reverse. Stubby had had Stand-by ever since he came west. He named her Stand-by when he first got her and, according to Stubby, she lived up to her name. Stand-by had been with him all the way across the Continental Divide. There was the time when Stubby had been caught in a snow drift and nearly frozen to death. Stand-by went for help. There was the time Stubby lost almost all his money in a poker game and Stand-by led him to a gambling house where he won his shirt back again. There was a time when Stand-by walked right into a saloon, grabbed Stubby's shirt with her teeth and dragged him home the night of a wholesale shooting. At least that's what Stubby repeatedly told the crowd at the Shoo-Fly.

But Stand-by was getting old. Stubby realized this but felt he owed a lot to her and wouldn't let her down. The boys in the Shoo-Fly fully expected Stand-by to come in some evening and expect a drink. All agreed that if she did that Stubby would not refuse her.

Every evening at the Shoo-Fly passed like any other evening. However, this evening turned out to be a memorable one in the history of the Shoo-Fly Saloon. The usual crowd was gathered, the usual games were going and, as usual, Stubby swung through the swinging doors.

"Evenin' everyone," greeted Stubby, but there seemed a lack of enthusiasm in his voice.

"Howdy, Stubby," chorused his friends. Then one whispered aside to another, "Hey, look at

Stubby. He looks worried."

"What's the matter, Stubby?" asked one of the prospectors.

Stubby leaned heavily on the bar rail, grabbed a shot glass in his hand and downed it before he answered. "It's Stand-by," he moaned. "I think she's sick."

"Ah, Stubby," sympathized another prospector. "Stand-by'll be all right. Don't worry about her. After all she's getting pretty old."

"That's just it," answered Stubby, "if she goes, I don't know what I'll ever do without her."

"Aw, now listen, Stubby," said Gus the bartender, as he handed Stubby another shot, "she ain't dead yet. And she won't be for a long time."

The gloom that hung over Stubby seemed to permeate the whole saloon. Stubby's friends did their best to cheer him up but instead his gloomy mood hung over them all and the tone of the Shoo-Fly was very different that evening. Stubby seemed to realize the effect his mood was having on all his friends so he bid good night early in the evening.

Stubby staggered out the swinging doors, looked at the hitching post where he'd left Stand-by. He looked again. And then he looked again. Stand-by was not there. He was sure he'd left her there. Stand-by never disappeared like that so — where was she? Stubby stood looking at the deserted hitching post in wonderment. He couldn't believe that Stand-by would leave without him. Then Stubby turned around unsteadily and swung through the doors of the Shoo-Fly again.

Standing at the entrance all Stubby could do in front of the amazed crowd was mutter, "She's gone. Stand-by's gone!"

The crowd in the saloon was silent for a moment. This was unheard of. Stand-by never left without Stubby. Stubby might leave without Stand-by, but this had never happened before.

Finally Al, a grizzled prospector spoke up, "She probably just went home, Stubby. You said she wasn't feeling well."

"Yes," mused Stubby, rubbing his stubbled chin, "maybe you're right. I'll go see."

Again Stubby swung unsteadily out the swinging doors and again the Shoo-Fly settled down to its usual evening routine — Stubby and his burro forgotten.

Stubby, meanwhile, shuffled on home. Home was little more than a glorified lean-to but it was adequate for his simple needs. As he approached the unkempt tent he saw no sign of Stand-by. Looking all around the area he still could find no trace of her. Finally he entered his make-shift shack and sat down on his rickety bed, head between his hands, wondering what to do next. How long he sat there he did not know. Through his mind raced all the activities of the day and he tried to think of some place he'd been that Stand-by might have returned to. The day had been spent in the usual hapless searching, picking here and there with nothing to show for it. There had been nothing unusual in the day's events.

Stubby's thoughts moved from that morning till the evening. He'd climbed up Gopher Pass and found nothing. Wait! Suddenly he remembered that Stand-by hadn't wanted to come down. She'd acted just like a stubborn Rocky Mountain Canary up there which she didn't often do. And ever since they'd come back she'd been acting strangely. He'd thought she was sick — maybe she wasn't at all. What had bothered Stand-by at the top of Gopher Pass?

Stubby continued to piece the day's events together. Finally he gathered himself together, jumped to his feet, grabbed a lantern, automatically grabbed his pick and ran out into the night. Fortunately the moon was full which made Stubby's going easier. He did not go toward town or the Shoo-Fly, but headed straight in the direction of Gopher Pass. Stubby's short legs didn't carry him as fast as he wished. He was spoiled by Stand-by because she usually carried him over the rugged terrain. However, Gopher Pass wasn't too much of a trip and finally he reached the foot of the pass. He paused before the ascent to catch his breath and suddenly thought he heard a sound coming from the heights. Then there was silence and again he heard the sound. It sounded like Stand-by's voice. Not wanting to get his hopes up he tried not to believe it but, nevertheless, started up the pass.

On and on he climbed and finally reached the top. Stand-by was nowhere in sight. He stopped again, then again he heard the sound. It was Stand-by, he was sure, but the sound

came from over the edge where they had been prospecting early in the day. A moment of terror filled him as he thought of Stand-by over the edge, but he was reassured by the thought of how much more sure-footed a Rocky Mountain Canary is than any human. Stubby raced to the edge of the pass, looked down and there, in the bright moonlight, sitting on a ledge of the rock wall, was Stand-by. Stubby yelled a thankful greeting to her and Stand-by brayed back at him.

Then Stubby yelled at her to hurry on up the hill so they could go back home. Stand-by wouldn't budge and brayed a negative reply. Stubby pleaded and pleaded in every way he knew, but Stand-by would not move. She sat stubbornly on the ledge, resplendent in the moonlight and looked pleadingly up at Stubby. Finally there was nothing left for Stubby to do but crawl down the steep slope and lead the burro up.

Thankful that he had brought his pick, which aided him in his descent, Stubby puffed and groaned as he eased his way down to the ledge. As he approached Stand-by, she looked at him smugly as if to say, "Just try and make me move."

Stubby rarely lost patience with Stand-by but after pushing her, shoving her and trying to drag her off the ledge, he finally sat down in exhaustion and exasperation. "Stand-by, really," he threatened the burro, "if you don't get up, I'll leave you right here on the ledge all night. One more chance and that's all!" With that bold statement, Stubby rose, grabbed Stand-by's bridle and pulled with all his might. Stand-by refused to budge.

Making good his threat, Stubby let the burro alone and started up the steep slope. The slope seemed steeper going up than it had coming down and he again found it necessary to dig his pick in deeply and use it to pull himself up. He drove his pick in anger against the wall of the ridge and wedged it in deeply so he could pull himself up. As he leaned over to grab his lantern he noticed on the ground the tailings from his picking on the rocky slope. He suddenly grabbed the lantern and looked more carefully. It was gold!

As Stubby made the discovery, Stand-by looked on, licked Stubby's hand and brayed in complete self satisfaction.

Stubby carried the news to the Shoo-Fly and before the night was over the whole town knew about Stand-by's discovery. While Stubby spread the news, Stand-by stayed on the ledge to guard the claim.

Never again did the regular customers of the Shoo-Fly make derisive remarks about Stand-by. In fact, even though the eternal monument of the Stand-by Mine remains in the burro's honor, the Shoo-Fly overnight changed its name to the Stand-by Saloon.

SURE AS SHOOTIN'



HORACE TABOR-
of California Gulch
A wealthy Gold
mine owner.

WAS ASKED IF HE
WOULD CONTRIBUTE
\$100 TO THE NEW
CHURCH, SO THEY
COULD PURCHASE
A CHANDELIER!
• • •

TABOR GAVE
THEM \$500 AND
TOLD THEM TO BUY
THE BEST CHANDE-
LIER THEY COULD
GET AND TO HIRE
THE BEST CHANDE-
LIER PLAYER IN
THE STATE TO
PLAY IT!



AN ARMY
SCOUT-

CALIFORNIA
JOE -

WAS SO FEARED
BY THE INDIANS
THAT A WHOLE
BAND OF
WARRIORS
ABOUT TO ATTACK
A WHITE CAMP
TURNED AND FLED
WHEN THEY SAW
"CALIFORNIA JOE"
IN THE
PARTY!
• • •

JOE TORTURED.
CAPTURED
INDIANS THE
SAME WAY THE
INDIANS
TORTURED THE
WHITE!

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233) of BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1951.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

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5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above was: (This information is required from daily, weekly, semiweekly, and triweekly newspapers only.)

HANNAH SCHREIBERG, Business Mgr.

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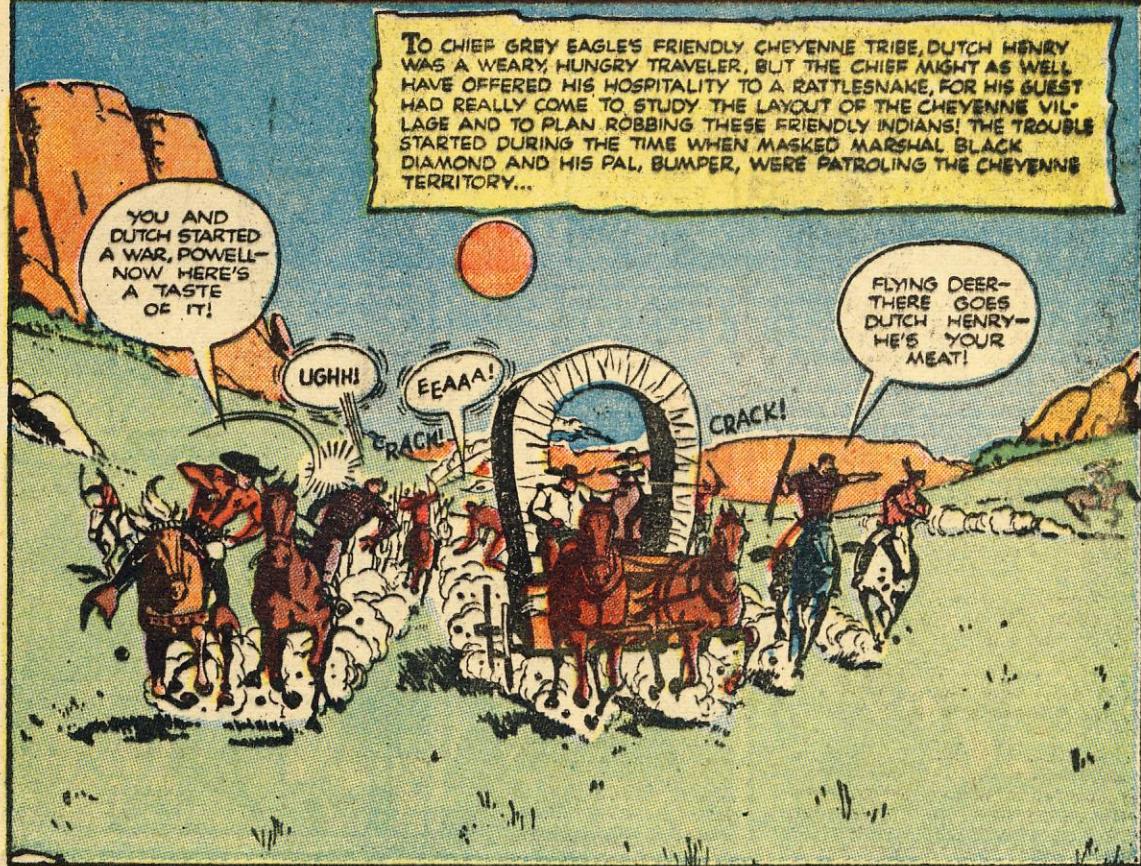
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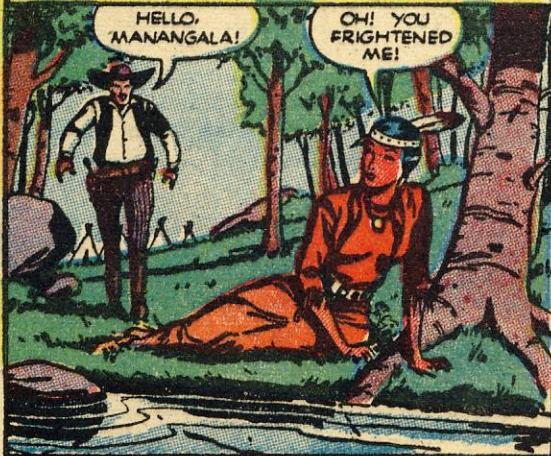
BLACK DIAMOND

meets ruthless Dutch Henry in "THE VICIOUS CHEYENNE EPISODE"

To Chief Grey Eagle's friendly Cheyenne tribe, Dutch Henry was a weary, hungry traveler, but the chief might as well have offered his hospitality to a rattlesnake, for his guest had really come to study the layout of the Cheyenne village and to plan robbing these friendly Indians! The trouble started during the time when masked Marshal Black Diamond and his pal, Bumper, were patrolling the Cheyenne territory...



WHILE DUTCH HENRY FOUND THE PLAN OF ROBBING THE CHEYENNES VERY INTERESTING CHIEF GREY EAGLE'S PRETTY DAUGHTER, MANANGALA, INTERESTED HIM EVEN MORE...



DON'T PULL AWAY FROM ME, MANANGALA! YOU KNOW I WANT TO MARRY YOU! I COULD HAVE LEFT TWO DAYS AGO... BUT I WAITED...



BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN

MANANGALA, HAD A BOY FRIEND, A BRAVE NAMED FLYING DEER, WHO WATCHED DUTCH HENRY'S ATTENTIONS TO HIS BETROTHED WITH GROWING ANGER...

YOU LITTLE FOOL! I'M AN IMPORTANT MAN AMONG MY PEOPLE!

PALEFACE PIG! YOU DIE! FLYING DEER KILL YOU!



THEN, UNAWARE OF TWO WITNESSES, DUTCH MAKES THE WRONG MOVE AS BLACK DIAMOND AND BUMPER, WHO ARE PAYING CHIEF GREY EAGLE A VISIT, APPROACH...

MAYBE WITH HIM OUT OF THE WAY, YOU'LL SEE KILLING FLYING DEER YOU MUST KILL MANANGALA, TOO!

NO! IF YOU KILL FLYING DEER YOU MUST KILL MANANGALA, TOO!



YOU'LL FORGET HIM QUICKER'N YOU...OWW! WHAT TH...



BANG!

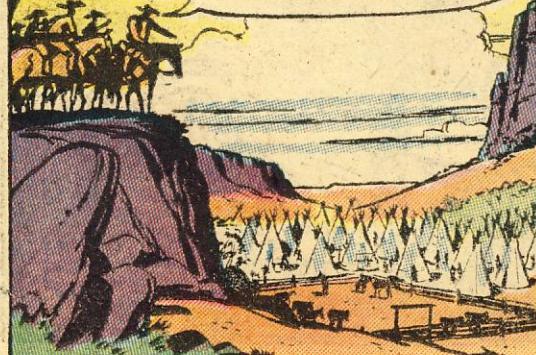
BLACK DIAMOND! WHAT'RE YOU BUTTIN' IN FOR? I GOT A RIGHT TO PLUG THE SNEAKIN' REDSKIN...HE PULLED A KNIFE ON ME!

YOU JUST CAN'T STAY OUT OF TROUBLE, CAN YOU, DUTCH! THIS IS CHEYENNE LAND! YOU DON'T BELONG HERE! CLEAR OUT AND STAY OUT!



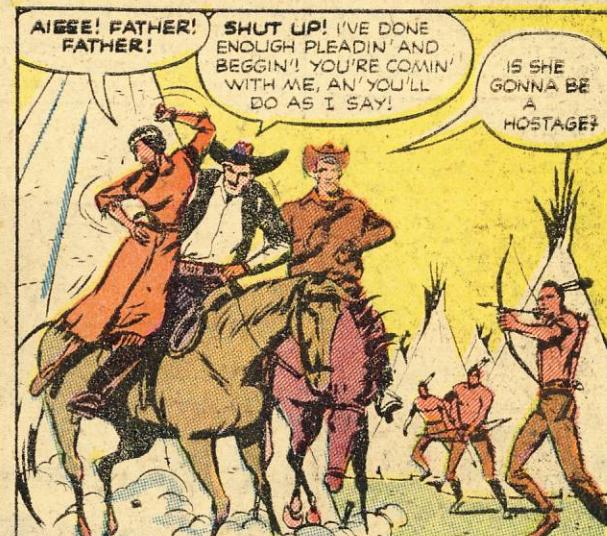
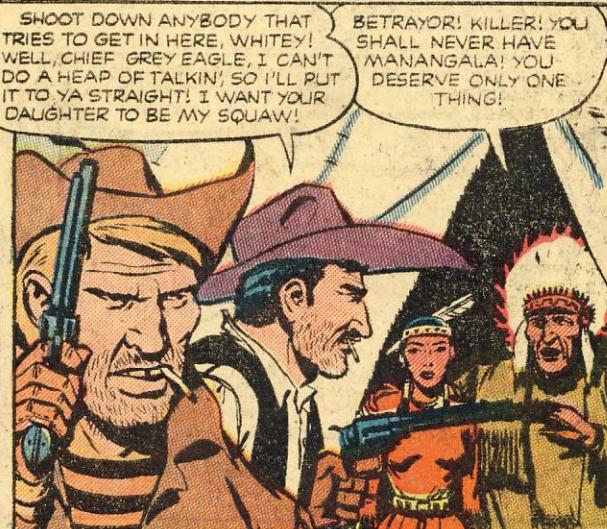
DUTCH HENRY CLEARED OUT, BUT A FEW DAYS LATER, HE RETURNED WITH HIS GANG, GUS HARNES, PINTO O'NEIL, DUSTY POWELL, WHITEY WATSON AND BOWIE BILL EDWARDS TO CARRY OUT THE ROBBERY...

GUS, WHITEY AND PINTO COME WITH ME! WE'LL KEEP THE VILLAGE BUSY WHILE BOWIE BILL AND DUSTY CLEAN OUT THAT CORRAL AND DRIVE THE CHEYENNE'S PONIES DOWN THERE TO THE HILLS! THE INJUNS CAN'T DETECT A TRAIL OVER SOLID ROCKS! LET'S GO BEFORE BLACK DIAMOND SHOWS UP AGAIN! LET'S GO!



BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN

THEN DUTCH HENRY TOOK CARE OF SOME UNFINISHED BUSINESS...



BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN

MEANWHILE, AT A WAR COUNCIL, IN THE CHEYENNE VILLAGE, FLYING DEER TRIES TO AVOID TRAGEDY...

ROARING BOAR, YOU ARE ASKING FOR WAR AGAINST OUR WHITE BROTHERS, BECAUSE OF THE EVIL OF A FEW! THAT IS THE WAY OF A MAD DOG!

AND YOU FLYING DEER, WOULD ASK THE MASKED MARSHAL FOR HELP? THAT IS THE WAY OF A WOMAN!

WHERE WAS BLACK DIAMOND WHILE OUR OWN BROTHERS WERE BEING KILLED AND OUR PONIES STOLEN?

YOU ARE NOT ONE OF US, FLYING DEER! GO TO YOUR MASKED MARSHAL! WE WILL GET REVENGE ON THE WHITE MEN OUR OWN WAY! WE KNOW WHERE IS WAGON TRAIN OF WHITE SETTLERS!



YOU TURN YOUR BACKS ON FLYING DEER, WHO HAS LOST MORE THAN ANY OF YOU... MY BETROTHED, MANANGALA!

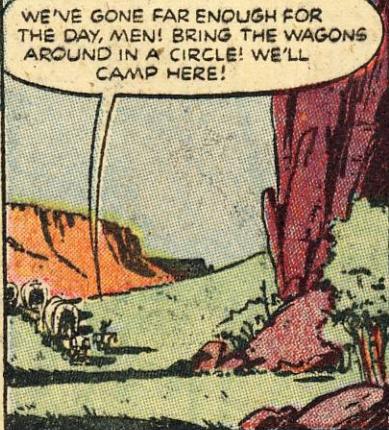
AT THAT MOMENT BLACK DIAMOND WAS FIFTY MILES TO THE EAST, LEADING A WAGON TRAIN THROUGH A LAND OF HOSTILE SAVAGES AND OF EVEN MORE DANGEROUS OUTLAWS...

I MUST GET BLACK DIAMOND! I KNOW HE LEADS THE WAGON TRAIN! I MUST GET THERE BEFORE MY BROTHERS MAKE WAR ON INNOCENT WHITE SETTLERS!

WE'VE GONE FAR ENOUGH FOR THE DAY, MEN! BRING THE WAGONS AROUND IN A CIRCLE! WE'LL CAMP HERE!

WELL, DIAMOND, IT'S BEEN ANOTHER QUIET DAY! LOOKS LIKE WE'RE GOIN' TO MAKE IT CLEAR ACROSS WYOMIN' WITHOUT TROUBLE! I'LL BE GLAD WHEN WE GET THIS BUNCH TO THE BORDER AND TURN THEM OVER TO A SCOUT! I'M ACIN' FOR SOME REAL ACTION!

WE'VE STILL GOTTA LONG WAY TO GO, BUMPER! DON'T LET DOWN YOUR GUARD FOR A MOMENT! A LOT OF MEN WOULD LIKE TO GET THEIR HANDS ON ONE WAGON IN THIS TRAIN—THE ONE WITH THE RIFLES AND AMMUNITION!



BUT WHILE THE WAGON TRAIN MADE CAMP FOR THE DAY, DUTCH HENRY MADE PLANS OF VIOLENCE AND PLUNDER!

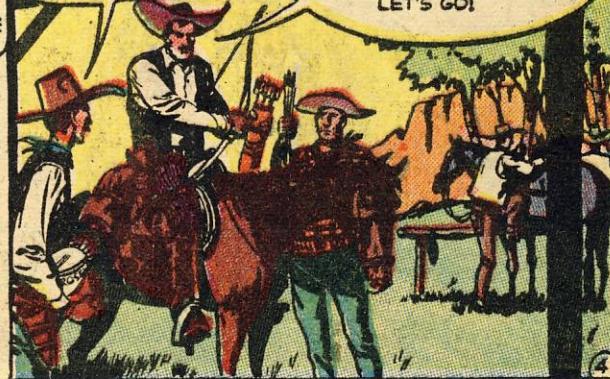
IT WAS BAD ENOUGH RUSTLIN' PONIES OFF THEM CHEYENNS, DUTCH, BUT KILLIN' THEIR CHIEF AND KIDNAPPIN' HIS DAUGHTER WILL PUT 'EM ON THE WARPATH! MAYBE YOU'D BETTER LET HER GO WHILE WE'RE OFF RAIDIN' THE WAGON TRAIN!

QUIT BELLYACHIN', DUSTY! MANANGALA IS MY LEGAL WIFE! MAYBE SHE DON'T LIKE THE IDEA NOW, BUT SHE WILL WHEN SHE GETS TO KNOW ME BETTER! MEANWHILE, I'M MAKIN' SURE SHE STAYS TILL WE GET BACK!



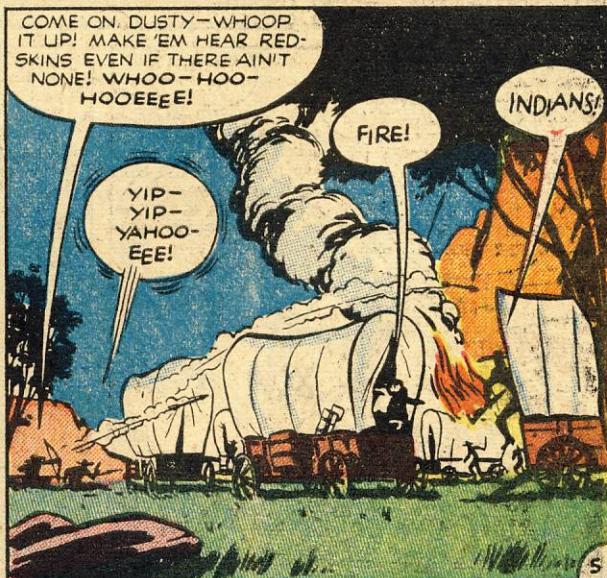
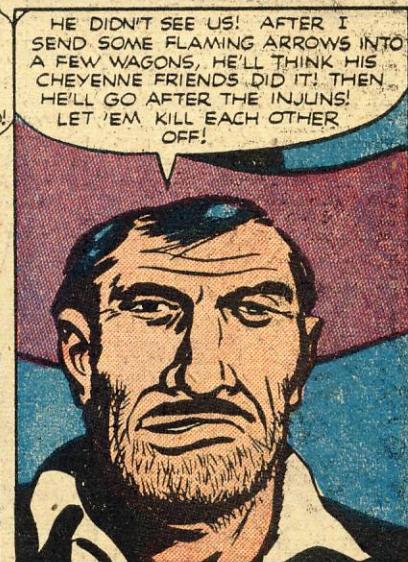
WE SHOULD BE MOVIN' TO SAFER TERRITORY INSTEAD OF RAIDIN' THE WAGON TRAIN! BY THE TIME WE GET BACK, THEM CHEYENNES MIGHT BE HERE WAITIN' FOR US—THEN WE'LL GET THE SAME THING WHITEMAN GOT—ARROWS IN THE BACK!

YOU HEARD WHAT THEY SAID IN TOWN ABOUT THE WAGON LOAD OF GUNS IN THAT TRAIN! WEAPONS ARE WORTH BIG MONEY! AND BEHIND, BEFORE WE'RE THROUGH THEY'LL BLAME OUR RAIDS ON THE INJUNS AND SEND TROOPS AFTER THEM. CHEYENNES! WE'VE GOT NOTHIN' TO WORRY ABOUT... LET'S GO!



BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN

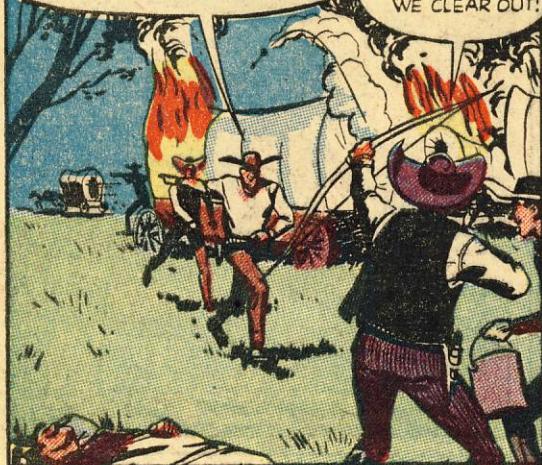
AS THEY REACHED THE WAGON TRAIN, THE TRAVELERS WERE SLEEPING AND BLACK DIAMOND WAS STANDING WATCH...



BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN

BOWIE'S GOT THE WAGON, DUTCH! IT'S FULL OF GUNS, POWDER KEGS AND BOXES OF SHELLS! THERE HE GOES!

GOOD WORK, BOYS! JUST ONE MORE FLAMING ARROW—THEN WE CLEAR OUT!



MEANTIME, FLYING DEER HAS CAUGHT UP WITH THE WAGON TRAIN AND SEES THE CUTTHROATS' TREACHERY JUST AS THEY THUNDER OFF...

IF MY CHEYENNE BROTHERS SEE THIS DEVIL, DUTCH HENRY, THEY WILL KNOW HE IS CRUEL TO HIS OWN PEOPLE, TOO! DIAMOND NEEDS FLYING DEER'S HELP!



FLYING DEER FINDS HIS FRIENDS UNCONSCIOUS, AND WORKS FAST...

YOU WANT PLenty AL-
MORE WATER? FLY-
ING DEER!
YOU FEEL BETTER?
NOW LET'S SEE WHAT
WE CAN FIND
OUT FROM THOSE
SETTLERS!

YOU'VE DONE
THE SNEAKIN'
SAVAGES NOW! I
SAY WE GIVE THE
REDSKINNED BUZ-
ZARDS A TASTE
OF THEIR OWN
MEDICINE!

SHUT UP, JUDSON!
ANYBODY WHO
LAYS A HAND ON
FLYING DEER GETS
HIS HEAD BUSTED
OPEN!

YOU DON'T
THINK HE'D STICK
AROUND HERE IF
HE HELPED RAID,
DO YOU?

I GUESS YOU'RE
GOIN' TO TELL US
NEXT THAT IT WASN'T
INJUNS AT ALL! WELL,
BEFORE YOU TRY
THAT HERE'S PROOF!

WHITE MEN DON'T
USE FLAMING ARROWS!

YOU'RE WRONG!
FLYING DEER
SEE DUTCH
HENRY AN'
FIVE WHITE
MEN SHOT
FIRE ARROWS

FLYING DEER IS
TELLING THE
TRUTH, JUD-
SON—THAT'S
NO INDIAN
ARROW!



SUDDENLY...

YI!! MEBBE THAT'S NO
INJUN ARROW EITHER,
DIAMOND!

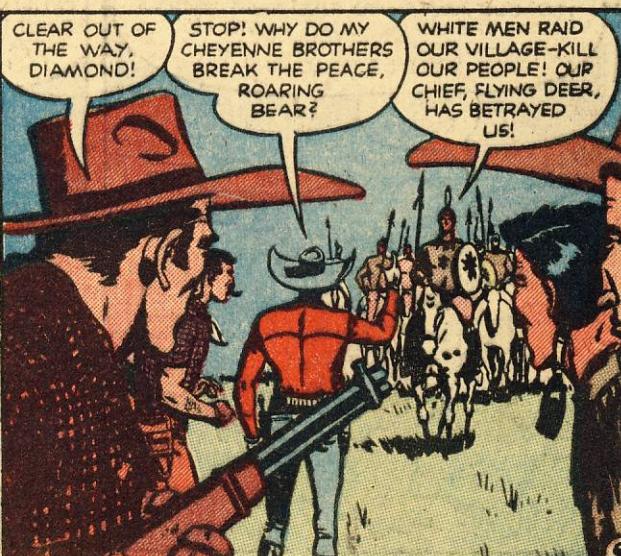
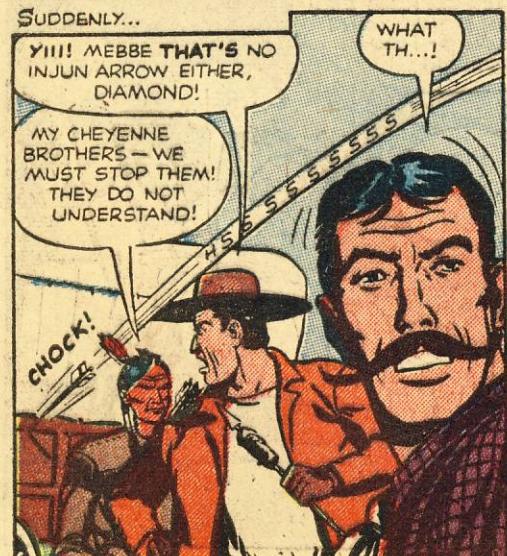
MY CHEYENNE
BROTHERS — WE
MUST STOP THEM!
THEY DO NOT
UNDERSTAND!

WHAT
TH...!

CLEAR OUT OF
THE WAY, DIAMOND!

STOP! WHY DO MY
CHEYENNE BROTHERS
BREAK THE PEACE,
ROARING
BEAR?

WHITE MEN RAID
OUR VILLAGE—KILL
OUR PEOPLE! OUR
CHIEF, FLYING DEER,
HAS BETRAYED
US!





BLACK DIAMOND'S FIERCELY SPOKEN WORDS QUICKLY BROUGHT BOTH SIDES TO THEIR SENSES! REDMEN JOINED WHITE IN A POSSE THAT RE-LENTLESSLY PURSUDED DUTCH HENRY AND HIS GANG! IT WAS SEVERAL HOURS BEFORE THEY PICKED UP THE OUT-LAW'S TRAIL...



BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN

SEE THE COWARDLY FLYING DEER RUN FROM FIGHT EVEN AS IT IS OVER! NO MORE WILL HE SHAME CHEYENNES!

WAIT, ROARING BEAR! HE ISN'T RUNNING AWAY! DUTCH HENRY ESCAPED! FLYING DEER IS GOING AFTER HIM! COME, FOLLOW HIM!

IT WAS DAWN WHEN THE CHASE ENDED AT THE GANG'S MOUNTAIN HIDE-OUT...



I ALMOST FINISHED OFF THAT SNEAKIN' FLYING DEER ONCE THIS TIME BLACK DIAMOND WON'T BE AROUND TO STOP ME!

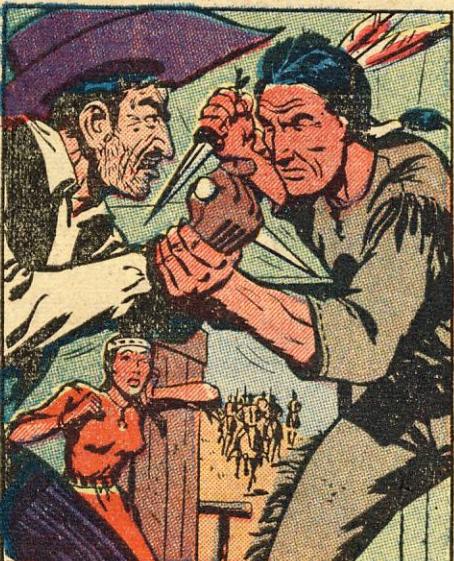


LET GO OF MANANGALA, DUTCH! WE FIGHT AS MEN!

NO... SHE'S MY WIFE! I'M TAKIN' HER AWAY FROM HERE... BUT FIRST, I'M GOIN' TO MAKE SURE YOU NEVER FOLLOW ME AGAIN! EEEOW! YA LITTLE SHE-CAT! I'VE DROPPED MY GUN!

K... KEEP AWAY FROM ME! ... ALL RIGHT... TAKE MANANGALA! I'LL GIVE YOU THE MONEY WE GOT FOR THEM CHEYENNE PONIES! JUST LET ME GET AWAY!

LET YOU GO TO KILL MORE OF MY BROTHERS? NO, DUTCH HENRY... YOU NEVER KILL AGAIN! I'M GOING TO TURN YOU IN!



AAGGG!

FLYING DEER! WHERE IS DUTCH HENRY? MANANGALA IS WITHOUT HUSBAND!

IT LOOKS LIKE THERE'S GOING TO BE A REAL WEDDIN' NOW, DIAMOND!

FLYING DEER IS TRUE CHEYENNE! HE IS OUR BROTHER!

THE END

YOU can WIN

This big 15" Silver Trophy
as John Sill just did!

Your Name
on it.



YES! John Sill

like millions, mailed me 10¢ and
a coupon like the one below YOU
MAIL NOW!

'Hey, You SKINNY Bag of Bones!!'

That's what the boys shouted at me ONLY A FEW WEEKS AGO...

But look at me NOW, PAL...

A Trophy-Winning JOWETT HE-MAN

Like YOU can be SOON!

AMAZING

NATIONAL EMERGENCY OFFER

All these 5 Picture
Packed COURSES on He-
Man Building for only
while supply lasts!

10¢

How to Build
MIGHTY
ARMS

How to Build
A MIGHTY
CHEST

How to Build
MIGHTY
LEGS

How to Build
A MIGHTY
GRIP

MILLIONS
have been sold

for \$1 and
more

How to Build
A MIGHTY
BACK

How to Build
MIGHTY
LEGS

How to Build
A MIGHTY
GRIP

FREE
Photo Book How
You can Become an
American HE-MAN
in 10 Thrilling
MINUTES a DAY

Let me Prove in 10 MINUTES a DAY I can make
YOU An ALL-AMERICAN ALL-AROUND HE-MAN

FAST—OR IT WON'T COST YOU A CENT

SAYS GEORGE F. JOWETT—WORLD'S GREATEST BUILDER OF HE-MEN

Let me make **YOU** A WINNER IN EVERY WALK OF LIFE



YES! JOHN SILL'S SUCCESS STORY can soon be your own success story. HOW A THIN WEAKLING WINS A TROPHY AS A MAGNIFICENT AMERICAN HE-MAN. A few weeks ago, John was a skinny weakling. Everybody picked on him. He had no punch, no guts to fight for his rights. TODAY everyone admires John's movie-star champion build—his mighty ARMS, his herculean CHEST, his rock-like TORSO, his broad BACK, his military SHOULDERS. His newly-born POPULARITY with fellows. The way GIRLS flock around him. His prowess on the ATHLETIC field: His double energy at work.

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you are; if you're 14 or 40; if you're short or tall, or what work you do. All I want is JUST 10 EXCITING MINUTES in your own home to MAKE YOU OVER by the SAME METHOD I turned myself from a wreck to a Champion of Champions.

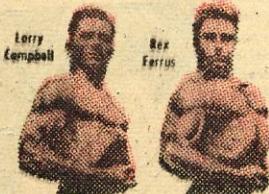
YES! You'll see INCH upon INCH of MIGHTY MUSCLE added to YOUR ARMS. Your CHEST deepened. Your BACK AND SHOULDERS broadened. From head to heels, you'll gain SOLIDITY, SIZE, POWER, SPEED! You'll become an All-around, All-American HE-MAN, a WINNER in everything you tackle—or my Training won't cost you one single solitary cent!

Develop YOUR 520 MUSCLES
Gain Pounds, INCHES, FAST!

Friend, I've travelled the world. Made a LIFETIME STUDY of every way known to develop your body. Then I devised the BEST by TEST, my "5-WAY PROGRESSIVE POWER" the only method that builds you 5-ways fast. You save YEARS, DOLLARS like movie star Tom Tyler did. Like Champ John Sill did. Like MANY THOUSANDS like you did. So MAIL COUPON NOW!

Which of these 2 one time WEAKLINGS
PAID only a Few Cents .
to become an
All-Around HE-MAN?

Which One Paid Hundreds Of Dollars?



Rex Ferrus was a weakling, paid a few cents to start building at home into a Champion All-Around He-Man!

Larry Campbell paid me hundreds of dollars to train at my side years ago. Start to become an All-Around He-Man at home with these same secrets for only a few cents like Rex Ferrus did! Now Rex is tops in Sports, Job, Popularity, as you can be.

MAIL COUPON
Now for quick
action and get **FREE**
PHOTO BOOK

**HOW YOU
CAN BECOME
AN ALL-AROUND
ALL-AMERICAN
HE-MAN**
In 10
THRILLING
MINUTES
A DAY

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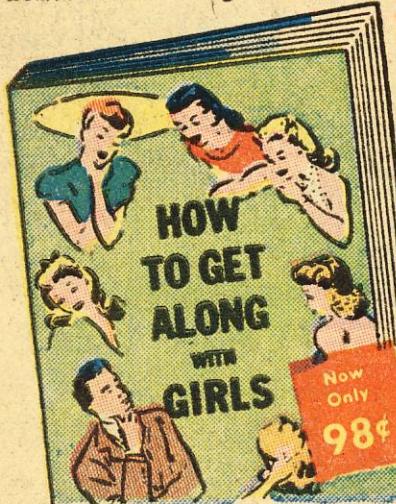
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TWO-WAY COMMUNICATIONS: Set consists of TWO (2) "Transceivers" ready to hook up between any two points. No license needed! Powered by new patented Remco electro-magnetic chassis. Practical, foolproof operation is guaranteed.

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WALKIE TALKIES
only
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2 SETS
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only
298

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- I enclose \$2.98, send postpaid.
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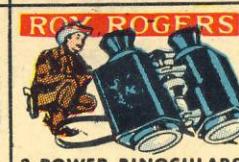
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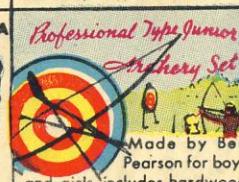
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